

Or tripping over how your grades are sinking,
 Or that one girl you thought you saw winking.
 But those days are in the past,
 And although they may have been a blast,
 This graduation that's come at last, will be marked by contrast.
 We are stepping out into a world that's real
 Where people feel that they have to steal
 Without another way to deal
 With the task of finding a meal
 No longer is hiding in ignorance acceptable,
 No longer can these lives be expendable
 Its time for us to put aside the bull
 And be commendable and be dependable.
 The problems are complex, and have potential to perplex
 So we must always continue learning, whatever happens next
 And after teaching ourselves, we got to teach one another
 We gotta treat the world as if it were our younger brother
 Never stop learning from the cradle to the grave
 To gain the strength to be brave
 And fight for the enslaved
 Cuz only through education can this world be saved
 If we're not unaware, there is a chance we just don't care
 And as we see others despair, we just say "life's not fair"
 But this I can't conceive, cuz I know we all believe
 That when we care for one another, there is nothing we can't achieve
 Today's event will serve as a testament
 To represent, the great extent of our discontent
 As we lament
 A grave injustice long ago
 Today several Japanese graduates are recognized
 For an opportunity that they were denied
 Replaced by internment, and tear-filled eyes
 And as we remember with regret, and stifled tears
 At the same time we are given hope, that these are better years
 Today, people from opposing sides
 Of violent historical divides
 With their hearts and minds open wide
 Can be seen walking hand in hand.
 This is what Alameda has been all about
 But as we all go off on our own different routes
 We'll encounter intolerant people day in and day out
 But its important to recall
 That these people weren't born with such gall
 Its just how they were taught since before they could crawl
 And that leaves us with hope, that there's a way off that slippery slope
 And all these people need is for us to toss them a rope
 To help them replace their ambivalence with tolerance
 And begin to appreciate our every difference
 As they find some sense, and stop acting so dense
 So we've recognized the problem and want to participate
 In ending hate, and yet the world awaits, with us trapped behind a gate
 A gate created by fear
 This Post-9/11, orange alert threat
 White powder in the mail making you sweat
 Insane with duct tape and cellophane
 In this arcane campaign to abstain from pain
 Every time we see the world getting scarier
 Our first response can't be to build another barrier

We got to tear them down, and stop sounding the alarm
 And instead open our hearts and open our arms
 To embrace the world, and all those in need
 From those who bleed, to those who can't read
 In order for us to move ahead
 We gotta get out from hiding under our beds
 Instead of continuing to spread the fear that we've been fed
 And once we're not afraid, we will refuse to fade
 And answer those who've prayed
 For someone to come
 To their aide
 But what I fear most
 Is that with all the problems we host
 You'll think the world's toast
 And all that's left is a ghost, cold and morose
 From coast to coast
 And lose all hope, cuz we're not even close.
 And as we see the depression
 Caused by years of oppression
 And violent aggression
 We get the impression
 That all the people in possession
 Of such lost expressions
 Have become resigned to the repression
 As we ask ourselves the question
 I'm only one person, what can I do?
 Well to this, I remind you all, history is made by only a few.
 Never let your apathy, impede your sympathy
 To the point where you fail to see
 That it is WE that hold the key
 To unlock the chains and set the world free
 Never underestimate
 A small group willing to dedicate
 Their lives to something great
 With intellect, courage and humanitarian trait
 And in the four years that I've gotten to know this class, I believe THAT is our fate.
 Our lives will have meaning and we'll have stories to tell
 Fighting to the end as the world goes to Hell
 The journey won't be easy, and we may get beat
 But at least we'll be right there, and have a front row seat.

HONORING FR. RICHARD G.
HARTNETT, S.J.

HON. JIM DAVIS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 8, 2004

Mr. DAVIS of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I rise in honor of Fr. Richard G. Hartnett, S.J., who in his lifetime of service to Jesuit High School earned the respect and loyalty of students, colleagues and Jesuit alumni. Through his more than 60 years of involvement with Jesuit High School, Fr. Hartnett left an indelible mark on the school family.

In 1937, Fr. Hartnett, who had been a student at Jesuit, returned to the school after college to teach. In 1940, he left his Alma Mater to attend seminary, but after being ordained as a priest, he came home again to Jesuit High School to teach English, Latin and Religion from 1945 until 1980. Even after his career as a teacher had ended, Fr. Hartnett continued to serve Jesuit High School by working with the alumni department.

Throughout the years, Fr. Hartnett's imposing stature and stern disposition matched the

high standards to which he held his students; yet he had a soft side that shone through as he shepherded students on to greater things. Many alumni also remember how he spearheaded the annual Penny Drive. Each year, students bring in their spare pennies to benefit Jesuit missions in South America.

In 1979, in honor of Fr. Hartnett's continued dedication to Jesuit, the Jesuit High School Alumni Association founded the Father Richard G. Hartnett Golf Classic to raise financial assistance for Jesuit students who cannot afford full tuition. This October marks the 26th anniversary of the fundraiser, which makes the tournament regarded as Tampa's longest running golf charity fundraiser. From now on, the tournament will be called the Fr. Richard G. Hartnett Memorial Golf Classic.

Fr. Richard G. Hartnett, S.J. challenged his students to be their very best, and thanks to his guidance, countless Jesuit students are honorably serving their community and our nation in a host of different ways. On behalf of the entire Tampa Bay community, I honor Fr. Richard G. Hartnett, S.J. for his contributions and extend my deepest sympathies to his many loved ones.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. ELTON GALLEGLY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 8, 2004

Mr. GALLEGLY. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, September 7, I was unable to vote on H.R. 4381, the Harvey and Bernice Jones Post Office Building (rollcall 422) and H.R. 4556, the General William Cary Lee Post Office Building (rollcall 423). Had I been present, I would have voted "yea" on both measures.

IN MEMORY OF JUDGE H.A. KELSO

HON. IKE SKELTON

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 8, 2004

Mr. SKELTON. Mr. Speaker, it is with deep sadness that I inform the House of the death of Judge H.A. Kelso of Nevada, Missouri. He was 92.

H.A. Kelso was born on September 6, 1911, in Alma, Nebraska, a son of John W. and Mariam Belle Hereford. He attended SMSU, then known as Springfield Teacher's College and the University of Colorado in Boulder. He received a Doctor of Jurisprudence Degree in 1937 from the University of Arkansas.

In 1938, he came to Nevada, Missouri, and was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Vernon County. During World War II, he served in the United States Army as Tech Sergeant with the Judge Advocate's Office.

In 1948, he was elected to the post of Probate/Magistrate Judge and Acting Juvenile Judge. Governor John Dalton appointed Judge Kelso to the bench as Judge of the 28th Judicial Circuit. He served in this position until his retirement in 1976. During his tenure, he also was an Honorary Colonel on Governor John Dalton's staff.

Judge Kelso was a member of the United Methodist Church of Nevada and served there